

A Productive Life

In a lifetime, I acquired many medals, awards and citations for industry. This is the account of my achievements.

From the time my mouth left the nipple, it was spewing forth data. My parents whispered with admiration, and I smiled. The camera snapped, and now my smile is data.

School was rewarding, as all my life has been. I could listen to data, then recite it impressively to the teachers. Their hand never left my shoulder. I made good grades, of course, then entered the university.

My grades at the university were excellent, and the possibilities for finding data were virtually unlimited. I collected and collected data, working at it frantically. It was too good to be true. There was so much data!

Finally, I graduated, but stayed on at the university to keep discovering data. The administrators were gratified, and I was asked to preside at many important functions. Doing so was an honor to me. I gladly revealed the data I knew. After the functions, crowds of data-collectors would always form around me to snap up the data I would pour forth.

The sight of vigorous young people carrying their data under their arms was a joy when I became old. I naturally collected more slowly, but others more vigorous than I laid up huge stockpiles of data, using advanced techniques. I realized I had collected data poorly all my life. Finally, I died.

This biography has been compiled from data relating to my career, life and thoughts.

-- Richard W. Horton

Austin, TX

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the newly-born child
capturing his parents love
the frightened cat sulks